

NELL, THE LITTLE BELLE.

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As I took a promenade the other day,
My attention was attracted right away
By a pretty little Belle that said her name was Nell,
And she looked like the flowers in May.
I stepped up to the corner of the street,
Thinking by that I could meet
This pretty little Fairy, so beautiful and airy,
With number one gaiters on her feet.

Oh! didn't she cut a swell,
This little dark-eyed Belle!
My love she is a darling little Belle;
She's as sweet as the lillies in the dell;
Her eyes so bright, her step so light,
Is my handsome little curly-headed Nell.

I followed her; I cannot tell you why,
But she had such a wicked-killing eye,
That Cupid with his dart made a capture of my heart
As deintily she sailed on by.
I watched her to her home, and, at the door,
She stopped and smiled on me;
And from her little glove, she threw a kiss of love,
With a wicked little laugh at me. CHORUS.

Soon after that I met her at a Ball;
Oh! golly! you should have seen my style,
With Nellie on my arm! oh! she dances like a charm,
While her little heart is innocent of guile.
I told her of my love, that very night,
And said: Will you be mine?
Oh! yes! said little Nell, but you must never tell,
And now we live down in shady dell. CHORUS.

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER,
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